

So I loved her from afar
and then from anear. When I got too close
she withdrew
into the smooth security of her wedded bliss
without a thought for me.

I found this hard to understand
all I wanted was her lips,
her tiny breasts,
that firm ass in a tight skirt
the million joys of sin
the bright vision of her ideal love
what the hell?

How perfect she was!
how immaculate
and unapproachable
the very image of class privilege
I watched her through glass
sadly bareback on mute wind
she was an accomplished rider
a heartbreak, a vixen.

I began by smashing things in her room
and worked my way through the rest of the house.
Time stood still while
in hot blood I created monuments to vandalism
it seemed like a good idea at the time
expressing my desires in flaming drapes,
my passion in shattered glass.

Arraigned and indicted
it was a bum rap
she was the stool pigeon
and I, her fall guy.

THE MAN WITH XRAY EYES

The man with xray eyes
can see through skirts and blouses;
he can judge a book by its cover.

If I had his kind of foresight
I could keep abreast of new developments.

He's a valuable guy to have on board,
a man of vision who can
peer into the heart of every matter.

The man with xray eyes
knows my heart and soul
reads my motivations like a newspaper;
I have no secrets under his stare.